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MONOGRAPHS

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BY

WILLIAM FREDERICK ALLEN

BOSTON
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY
1919

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DEC 29 1919

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
The Four Seas Press

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E 1913 8 Jan. 1920

To
S. A.
WITH MEMORIES

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MONOGRAPHS

HYACINTHUS

Who sports with the gods must die!
Woe, oh woe!
Who prays for the wings must fly;
Fate wills so.
Who mocks at the loving friend
Hath signed his death.
He comes to the silent end
Who scorns love's breath!
Thou, Hyacinthus, thou
Didst spurn thy friend!
Now, Phoebus playmate, now
What is thine end?
The stricken Zephry weeps
Where thy white body sleeps;
The Sun-god lingers near
And drops a shining tear.
Where art thou
Fair pouter now?
In the shades where lovers wait
Message from the loved one's gate—
Dead—alone.

A wind tossed stone
Hath laid thee low!
Phoebus' kiss may not awake
Nor thy beauty's silence
Poor boyfair, no!
But still a flower soft in name
Sighs why Hyacinthus came;
The Zephry moans
Where blood-kissed stones
Have stained thy hair.
The morning air
Is sad with Phoebus' long-drawn sighs;
And when the pensive daylight dies
He dreams on thee.
Divinity
Hath kept thee in his heart and soul;
His melodies have sung thy dole.
So what's amiss
To die when Phoebus loves thee best?
And earth bears on her fragrant breast
Thy blood in flower?
The high god's kiss
Was thine, an hour.
So thou art blessed past grief's annoy—
The god of gods hath loved thee, boy!

SEERS OF VISION

Thou art a Seer of Vision—thou—and thou!
And I am run to kiss ye—brothers all!
My couch is heaped where forest pines grow tall—
Where shyest birds nest on the thicket's bough;
And thou art of an attic's pinched confine—
And thine is ermine of a purple throne—
And thou doest pray where altar lights are thrown
On acolytes bowed in a decorous line!
Greet ye, my brothers! "For us creeds unbend
And royal kings wear homespun! Attic walls
Picture arbutus; each to each is friend—
And self same sun to self-same vision calls!
We gather up dead dreams as diamond dust
And shape new dreams, the better for their death!
We lisp new tongues, we voice a Shibboleth
From broken hopes till new worlds form their crust!
Each to his own domain, his star of things—
To dream, till dreams are Vision, faith is Sight."
Each with the half-blind eyes made quickened light—
Each with the feet grown fast Icarian wings!
Four points of Vision! Forest, attic, throne
And olden gloried Church! Each seer a god!
Each stumbling out a path the seers trod
Of us unknowing, to us loved and known!
Oh, brothers to my woods! The brook has wine
Of sun-dyed summer! Let me play the host!
Come thou, and thou, and thou, The Holy Ghost
Hath signed my treasure yours, your treasure mine!

How did he get there?
Who does he stay there?
How could I get him away?
I'd die in such excluse of free summer air!
I'd die if my day were his Pluto's day!
There's something about him not human!
Is he flesh, as I'm flesh, born as I am, of woman?
Is he Fafner or Titan? Has Thor
Left Thorlings on earth? He's iron to the core—
A god—but, My God, such a face!
'Tis a brute's! Is he one of my race
Or shoot of a planet swung out of space
And dropping its left overs on this terrene?
And how could I help him? A boon
To him Casey's corner saloon—
The loud-natured gaff of his kind.
A Sampson in strength, but a child in his mind—
His mien no birth-mark my mien.
Reason him? No! Pity him? Explain him? No!
Yet his is one part of the voice that shouts "Go!"
When this creature of science sweeps in her pride
For a caprice of whim
Like Dian turned bride.
He's something to me; I'm nothing to him;
If I love him, 'tis with head, not with heart;
And head without heart is the scurviest part;
His look fends thought from my speech.
Why show him pomegranates he never can reach?
The dried fruit he knows; why harrow and teach
Till his taste grows, and orchards with never a peach

For his eating!
Alas, there's no platform of meeting!
Sit him down to a symphony; some blotch of a tune
Abortion of music, his tear or guffaw.
There's no quick prescription of man-cozened law
To bid an oaf thrill at the first rose of June
And beauty's a magic ne'er to be seen
But by the beauty born.
I'm out again; back to the earth's bliss of green.
He stays there—forlorn?
Or happier than I am: I hear him, "That swell
Don't know he's a-livin'—a drink pard—oh hell"
And yet there's a God; He made us; and I
And my huge stoker brother walk 'neath the same sky
Lick up the same air in deep meeds of breath
And live out a life to the free soil of death.
And though I'd fain reason him, my reason won't tell
How he got there;
Why he stays there;
Why he won't break away
And live his full birthright of sunlight and May.
How I got here;
Why I stay here;
Why I don't break away
Who knows? And my stoker? God tell us, some day!

NO CROSS

I bear no Cross—
And therefore my loss.
Death hath walked blind for me—
Life hath smiled kind on me:
When I would weep, dry dust were my tears.
Fate spared me sorrow for humankinds' biers—
Roses have reft for me, thorns.
Wine sparkled in deep horns—
And thus, I bear no Cross.
And whence my loss?
When others weep they read my tears as stones;
My banquet paeons chill their requiem groans
For mankind worse than dead.
My heart lies emerald-crusted, ruby sharp—
The cynic's discord haunts my spirit's harp
That fain would sing of grief.
Come Fate, bold ruthless thief—
And strip mine orchard of its veinous sweets!
When sorrow next me greets
Let her behold me clad in poverty—
Feet bare, eyes blurred to see
Life's worst; that I may clasp some work-worn hand
Whose touch my fine skin's silk may not withstand
With curse, "What hast thou with me!" Let me bleed
Till I be healed of God, and cry "My creed
Is mankind's own; I know, I bear the Cross—
And know not isolation's worse than loss!"

TRINITAS

All-Father God is as the world at night;
Hints in the sky, of never sleeping suns;
Unfathomed currents of etheric runs—
Assumptioned dark, but, certain, molten light,
Omniscient vastness! Faith in stars and space—
Limits unlimited! Deep evolved to deeps!
Security, that somehow, somewhere, keeps
A tireless vigil of eternal Grace!
And Christos God beams as the rising sun
Who colours edgeless forms to shapes concrete;
Man glimpses traces of His hands, His feet
In each new impulse of the day begun.
The awfulness of night dispels in dew
And morning freshness; hope enforces sense
To fuller being; some immortal lens
Defines the Living God child-born, anew!
But God the Holy Ghost, like some ravine
Fast set mid ice-looked hills, gives forth no sign
Of Deity, nor marks Himself divine
Till God Allfather, Christos God are seen.
Then fullest silence, incarnate in love
In truth eternal, shadows visible!
The Triune God in presence visual
Illumes all space, Around, Within, Above!

MY FATHERLAND

Where lies it—Greater Anglia—my Fatherland?
Each reef where syllables the English tongue!
Where'er an English verse, soul born, is sung
There am I native! There my flag, my strand.
Or Union Jack or joyant Stripes and Stars
No alien I b'neath either pennant; mine
The heritage of Shakespeare; Cana's wine
Blushes for me by far Australia's bars
As by rock-starréd Maine; my brother he
Who loves my Hawthorne with me; let him hail
From tide-hemmed Faulkland; let his pearl-dipped sail
Be set Hawaiian in the west-east sea!
What makes the foreigner? He whose heart
Holds not the tongue I love!—mine English right!
Him I may whisper, "God give thee good-night"
Is of my loins the most integral part!
My Fatherland? My sun-proud spot of birth?
Each vibrant clod of English-speaking earth?

FIFTY YEARS HENCE

Fifty years hence; the lad we plied
To stricken France with convoys' train—
May lean, an old man, 'gainst some fence
And garble dried herbs o'er again
Of trenches, long syne bearded fields
The richer for their crimson bust.
Drone toothless jars of Zeppelin birds
With Anti-Christ's black pinions trussed.
Naithless, above his frost bleared head
Some new air bastard may contort—
Though fixed in his war clouded mind—
The year when nature ran distort
With streaming hair, and palsied scream—
When men gnashed thoughts embowelled in hate.
He young, changed old; beheld for aye
But France as the one square of fate.
Unheeded as he mumbles on
With gesture of his long-lived age—
How what was Prussia griped the world—
And greened anew old history's page.
With feeble pipe he'll shrilly rant
Of France, how England stemmed the tide—
America last bared her arm—
For honours' name young millions died!
Fifty years hence! And thus will speak
These unborn minnows, bred to rules
We wot not of; "These dotards squeak
Like antique mice; away with fools
Who mouth a Prussia lest than least.
Why gnaw dead history's girth of bones?

The seas are free; their battle brunts
Scant heeded mounts of scarce read stones!"
But still we plied the lads of France
For that posterity who seem
A dream unborn; to whom we'll shape
The shadow of a long dead dream.

BEWILDERMENT

Submission—resignation.
Are these the vestibule afront the door
Of life eternal? To hear Zambesi's roar
Nor heed it with the loin embued elation
Youth's prompting circles—one mad leaping band
Of heart plus soul, plus brain, plus Pan?
Am I grown one with Christ? Is God's right hand
Transforming me Saint John from Caliban?
Or is ambition's fervour, tearful fled
From me twain Icelands' cold? Lord, do I sleep
Dropped on mine eyes the film of atrophine—
My veins time sluggish to the cast-off dead
Who "rest eternal—light perpetual keep"—
Mere deadwood, hush of summer fire and green?

FOR YOU

For you he fought; ne'er shall the foeman's tread
Profane the violet fragrance of your dust.
Ne'er shall your grave be tramped by German lust—
Thus did he guard the tryst sleep of his dead.
Other's hallooed, fresh from their sweetheart's kiss—
The arms' embrace, the heart tuned to the heart.
God fend their love! Not his their rapture's part—
His was a shadow's dream, a captured bliss.
And this his woe: 'neath custom's rigid guise—
That hear "Good-Bye" breathed to another's ears—
Beholds another dewed with vesper tears
And looks at love caught in another's eyes.
And yet was his a strength, they scarce could know
Those quick young saplings; those whose pulses burn—
Whose prayer demands their laurel twined return—
God's victory wrest from time's most deadly foe.
The great word, "Home" their slogan; 'neath a tree
In sacred Flanders, some unconscious Hun
Made free his soul; his black of day was done—
And 'twas your smile, erst years his rosemary
For you—for England—yea, for France—His God—
For soft-browed Death! What now the mirk of grief?
Peace to your dust! No heathen German thief
Dare break the holy silence of your sod!

THE GARDEN BUILDER

He who sows a garden, builds for God
And to that end I work! The trowel's edge
Upturns and digs th' alembic of the soil
To His great glory. Kings, and studded czars
Upraise the sceptre, and to their decree
Vast tablets rise in monumental stone
And rich-veined marble; noble are such deeds
And he is worth the laurels who so builds.
More worthy he, of more supreme renown
Who paints a picture; he who carves his thought
In precious matrix; rifle Daphne's groves,
And crown these monarchs with the gods' esteem!
Still greater is the poet; in his lines
The picture paints, the marble falls in moulds
Of frozen music. But, the gardener
Surpasses painter, poet, sculptor, all;
For God Almighty, as the sage hath said
First made Himself a garden, in the times
When transience lingered with eternity—
And truth, as yet, knew nought of falsehood's shame.
Thus he who plants a tree, resembles God
In earth's first Eden; he who tills the soil
For beauty's virtue, dreams virginity—
Millenium once known, and ages lost.
No dullard is the gardener; his no pain
Of weary tedium; his the joy undimmed
Bestowed on those who plant, and delve the earth
To symbol resurrection. Hear, ye men,
Give to the earth the flower-pregnant seeds—
That she may sing a joyful stave to God!

Make firm the stripling trees, and ye shall do
The golden deeds that win the smiles of God!
Perchance the garden-dreamer may restore
The Eden-hour again—oh happy thought—
And sinlessness and truth be incarnate
In leaf, in flower, and garden holiness!

For such as I, God pray—the Unasleep!
The weary swimmers on the midnight deep
Of soul-rest and repose!
The waking throes
Of doubtful half-dreams, hinted nightmares; thrills
Of slumber journeys up steep-breasted hills—
The hideous starts to life!
This is our doom; the slow turn of the knife
The dull night through
Till morning dew
As shallow substitute for Sleep!
Oh well for those who wide-eyed vigils keep!
Or well for those who chortle as the swine
In sottish Lethe; those who reach the fine
Of dreamless rest!
But God—we Unasleep! The stab i' the breast
By every creature of the baleful night!
Each flicker of the nightlamp's restless light;
The long wail of the melancholy cat;
The chipper-chipper of the evil bat:
The stern glance of the cold, imperial moon—
The shuffling step of some drink-glad buffoon
Who matters in the silence-shrouded street.
The lone patrolman on his measured beat;
The chance pedestrian whose feet resound
In quick-step o'er the pavement-piercing ground—
What maddening staves they sing!
What ghoulish shapes the long-armed shadows fling
Across the trappings of the loud-voiced room!
And we—the Unasleep—who through the gloom

Half-wake, half-sleep, half-dream! Who turn and
toss—
Who yearn for peace, if but the tomb's cool moss—
What tortures of the damned do we endure!
The scaffold's hempen were a welcome cure;
The Iron Maid, an action of delight—
'Gainst these thin phantoms of the mocking night—
These dreams that be no dreams!
How foolish seem the stars with their cheap gleams—
How futile seem the storms when they do chance!
What were a lover's kiss, a friend's soft glance?
The monarch's sceptre, dubbing us as knight?
The purest joy, earth's most effulgent might
To us, the cureless, death-shunned Unasleep?
We sigh as hapless Henry, or like him
The ghostly mariner, whose eyes strained dim—
Glared, red with pain, on Sleep that fled his face!
We pray—we pray; could Mary, with her grace—
Or Christ Himself—could they but see our woe—
Then might they learn what sorrow man can know!
Alas, they sleep above! Their calm is deep;
And God and Nature shun the Unasleep!

AVE IMPERATOR!

Hail, vernal, smiling Death!
I will not have thee cold! thy smile a sneer
At man's poor despite! I will not paint thee fear
Thou fair bestower of the Further Breath
Great God doth give!
I will not gasp "I die,"—I'll shout "I live!"
When night's soft mellowing haze extends the gold
My sunset boasts!
When every Rosary Bead last time is told—
And every Sanctus Bell last time is knolled—
I'll gird me for the coasts
Thy sea fresh Presence brings!
Who deems thy voice knife sharp? The tid that sings!
The greenwood dark to poetry's eterne
Carols no sweeter than thy harmony!
I've heard full many a leaf entangled burn
Slip through the fields, but none croons staves as thee
Thou summer of the spring!
I've heard thee laugh of childhood's faery ring
And crack quick jests as children spanned thy back
To run afar with thee.
Thou art no ghost! Thou art no iron-tongued rack
As sorry mortals cry thee! Azrael
With face avert and dread sword ever bright
To slay, men whisper thee. Why build bald hell
Of blearing black of thee who art pure light
And God's eyes are thine own!
Thou art no requiem sob; thou art no moan
Of thorn-pierced grief!
Thou art no midnight vigilant sleepless thief—

For Sleep hies with thee; loveliest harbinger
Of silvern dreams we may not dream here! Myrrh
Is not thy cup, and ice is not thy touch.
Not thine the Master Corsair's boding clutch—
A finger-print of goodness is thy mark!
Nor have I seen the shroud sail of that bark
Men garnish thee therewith! With feathered oar
On stilly seas I've seen thee. Oft
I've followed thee beneath the orchard croft
And watched thee read the script of blossom lore.
When leaves were tenderest green and apple's pink
Bound Heaven to earth in long bands of perfume!
Shrink, friend, from thee? Why, Angel, should I
shrink
And throw about thine head a fold of gloom?
Have I not spied thee sporting midst the bloom
Of May's first showing? And shall I close a tomb
Of that but is the Necessary Womb
Of newer Life's seed substance? Nay! Come then
And let us count the true shades down the glen
Mortals call Vale of Shadows! Come
When corn is tasseled and the glad bees hum
With honey of the June!
Lute out for me an olden ditty's tune
Of Rosalind or mad-cap Robin Hood!
Come when thou wilt; thy coming is but good
And thou art faery Oberon to my thought
More than King Angel; and come unsought
Ere life doth make me old; for thou art young
And I would harken to thy music's tongue
With heart child joyful; come then, Death
For Thou art Victory's Kiss and Beauty's Breath!

GOOD THOUGHT

If good wine's worth drinking
Then good thought's worth thinking—
Or better no thought at all!
For poor wine's but sour;
And poor thought's ne'er flower
To roses worth naming Saint Paul!

Elohim-sense stripped clean of flesh;
The kernel of the soul laid bare!
Stuffs filched out from suppression's mesh—
Corporeal in the keen-eyed air!
Each sin disrobed of life's abuses—
Each virtue weighed exact in worth!
Each impulse freed from gauze abuses—
The whole seized from the cloy of earth!
Thank God a God is Judge! I'll tell
My reasons branded reasonless!
And why, what seemed a lust of hell
Flamed out a fire love needs must bless!
My voice quick stifled, an I speak
Herewards to men my rights turned wrongs;
I'll shout to God, how strong, why weak
I trammeled in my several thongs!
Sin's nucleus glorified in truth—
I'll chant with God's firm clasp of hand—
I'll sort the grain from chaff of youth—
And thank God, God will understand!
So, fear the Judgment? Rather fear
The stupid law of man below;
Loins girt, heart singing, I'll appear
Face God, tell all, and God will know!

THE BIG SMASH

Till the Big Smash comes—
The man is a brute;
An insect that hums
Mid sweet nectared fruit
Unfit for the solitude grandeured by thought.
Weak brawned for the forges where iron truths are wrought.
Small troubles, the hare's bite the parsley amid;
Soon grown o'er, the nibbling by pushing shoots hid,
But the Big Smash—a foundering mid torture of rocks—
A sob to the heedless that life's tournay mocks.
Then after—the silence: the healing of wounds;
An ear harp accord to the wildering of sounds
The world shrieks.
An eye quick to rose dust of tears on the cheeks.
The heart quivering sharp to the warmth of the hand.
The lips' press, "Come, comrade; I too understand!"
And the man born, true upright; true jointured with Christ;
Who clasped Jew and Greek in the brotherhood tryst.
When the Big Smash fails
A life is a death!
And a sad Heaven wails
For a lost gift of breath!

SECOND FIDDLES

Gray heroes, these; the drab contralto third
Their ash-hued lot. These line the walks of life
As meek medicinal herbs: the second wife
Like to some voiceless hedge contented bird
Who weaves her nest with noiseless tender love
Unpraised and patient; such a Phoebe she
Who becks a ghost wife's children to her knee
And feels affection's hand touch 'neath a glove—
No glow of true warmth's flesh; the maid unwed
Grown old in sacrifice; the man whose toil
Sends forth a brother where ambition's moil
Slakes gold, fit crowned for him in proxy's stead.
Madonnas who give forth their virile Christs
Then humbly shrinking 'neath the willow shade;
Second fiddles; Magnificats assayed
That Song with God may hold its glory trysts!
Mid Stradivari of earth's violins
The silent angels mark these second ones;
Not theirs the strings of ribbon lustrumed suns
But theirs the hum of quiet singing linns.
Praise to the second fiddle; should he fail
The first must fall from Music's God to Baal!

A NEW ENGLAND MEETING HOUSE

Meeting house—in truth! What makes the Church—
The Psalm, the Sacred Host, the Altar's heart
This white pile lacks; and yet the charm is here
The charm New England holds in firm-clutched leash—
Feared to let slip, and show the dryad's smile
Beneath the frigid virgin's austere frown!
A beauty as of violets found in clefts
Of frore beard rocks; architecture? None
Of Rheims or Cologne; yet the thus-and-so
Of prim hewn walls is ice-bound music seemed—
The sombre swell of gray Georgian chaunts—
Or Palestrina's clef of treble fauns
Baptized and garbed as nuns! Maple luxuriance
The elm's grace vesture, benediction give
Of green old Pagan nature—bless her soul—
The loved untamed barbarian! "Vanity
Is Beauty's face; and Life is but a sweet
We needs must sour, or our duty's dead.' "
Thus preachers droned; but elm and maple laughed
And tipped and lurched, while nasal psalmody
Arose in quavers on the Sabbath air
And shattered 'gainst their branches; meeting house—
Wilt take a greeting from a son of Rome—
Thy fearful "Scarlet Woman"? Cross and cowl
And true made priest, thy lack—yet, grim browed friend
I'll whisper thee a secret; she will know
The Juno elm, or that bold Mercury
The gamboling maple—that iron spine you boast

Of holden virtue, is the jewel of Rome
Poached by an errant child; so, good will, friend—
For though thou champed the door to bar her out
In thy duir heart our great Rome entered in!

THE PIPE

You've piped to me, old Death—
Thrice, with voice of mouse's squeak!
I girt in haste, with saints to speak
And deemed them worth a puff of breath,
The whiff of feast, that counterfeit
Of you, old Death, called Life, affords.
I culled old psalm staves—Lord of Lords
And King of kings; the room was lit
With Aves, Venites, Adestes—I knew
How Christ looked: how His Mother smiled,
I smelled the lilies, saw her cloak of blue;
Some ante chamber, silence tiled
I felt was built for me; and then
You scruffed me back, you piebald god—
A sick bed! Moss of scragged fen
After wide rose acres! Untrod
The stepping stones of unfamiliar space;
Now that I'm back to number and place
What compensation offered? If again you pipe
Let your skull-sconce certify the angels' fruit as ripe!

"OMNIA MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM"

Loyola, hadst thou made no pledge but this
Foremost thy station mid the sons of God!
This chaplet; 'tis the Hebrew singer's rod
Psychos to call from Panian chrysalis!
But this the slogan of those supermen
The star-eyed Jesuits, cross-bowed of hate,
Who brushed old slumber from the Sphinx of Fate
And sowed the lily in the dragon's den!
Bruised, spat upon; their truths distort to lies
These words the Rosary of their every breath!
Thus hewed they life, ploughed Beulah fields in Heth
'Neath frore of bergs and carmined southern skies!
Oft have I marked the humble spoil of stones
The sad marcation of an holy fane;
Where spake these men as n'er man speaks again—
Ezekiels mid the chaos vale of bones!
To God's great glory; Luther, Calvin, Knox
Base metals 'gainst this diamond orthodox!

ALL SAINTS' SAY

Saints were warriors—I'll chew on that!
And most of them warred on little things;
Little wasps, whose petty stings
Wounds of mighty pain begat!
And they didn't fare forth with broil of drums
To pompous battles with swords waved high
But they walked where life turned down its thumbs
And callously bade the unfit die.
For they turned dry earth into fertile sod
Cried "Nil Desperandum" from Ichabod
These Saints we laud today!
And we have their blood, and we have their might
And we can't twist wrong from the spoken right
For their truths we must obey!
And we'll burst forth, as virgin maids
And warrior knights, and we'll ply God's trades
By the Christ that speaks within!
For we'll break the glebe of stubborn sin
As strong-girt Saints, and we'll wreak the best
From untilled soils, and doubts confessed—
That they may know who fought before
We still have the stuff to fight God's war!

MIDNIGHT IN NEW YORK

Chance sleeps tonight some promise of a child
Foredoomed by Nature's tooth, rat-like to merge
From human sewerage, oozing from its verge
These rodent souls. (How matter hath defiled
The spirit God makes pure!) The quiet seems
A secret hiss of unseen cobras! Lairs
Of fevered wolves, these houses! Glares
A snarl of moon; here sing no lyric dreams
Of frond-tipped fancy; jaw-champed faces wear
The jungle likeness; here slink beasts, not men!
Each chance abutt the jackal's covert den—
Not women, she-dogs, brazoned in despair
This sisterhood immortal; yet outlines
The Christian's Cross against the pallid sky
Symbol of Him who asked and answered "WHY?"
The question failed of human-skilled designs.
Let me this question ask, "How much is sin
What loneliness, what heart-ache, dearth of soul
In this outpouring? I'st the brain's control
Alone that breeds the lust carked deep within
Our carven loins? But God, All God, doth know
And God is patience, born eternally.
But weary age seems Atlas laid on me
That sacred life must crawl in offal so!

THE DEATH OF OLD GERMANY

There lives a land whose death is Sodom's end
Whose name shall live an hissing, a reproach.
But, lived on land, the wide world hailed as friend—
Passed with Kultur's syphilis encroach.
A land whose every window framed a light
For Him the Christ-Child with His young good will;
(The blue-eyed tots who chattered Christmas night
With hearts of stone soon marshaled forth to kill!)
Sodden with drink, scarlet with whorish lust
The junglings closed, who hailed Saint Nicholas.
Sweet sane old customs spurred heels tramped to dust
Song's golden store lay rent where demons massed!
Toll, toll the bell! She welters, smitten, slain
Our fair Rhine-maiden, old loved Germany;
From whose white hands and balsam learnéd brain
Dropped purest songs of holiest minstrelsy!
All, all are gone; the Minnesingers' art
Whose wreath empyrean clasped the lore of Rome!
Lo here a fiend, 'gainst here whose matron heart
Taught us the glory of the earth-Heaven—home!
Wagner is perished, Fafner wrote his fate—
Where was the transport of the Homeric page
Nought scrawls but spittle of impotent hate—
True manhood shrivelled to the spite of age!
Toll, toll the Bell, ye towers of Cologne—
Ring out your tears! Old Germany is dead!
Where grew her myrtles new tongues shall be known—
She lives a curse—her soul forever fled!

ENGLAND

I love thee, England! English is my name
My heart, my soul! Brief fifty years agone—
He saw this Newer England, he, whose blood
Runs in these veins, and English blood, God praise!
My sires clustered mid the pale faced hills
Of bard begetting Cheviot; o'er the moors
The clefts of furze capped rocks, the minstrels roamed
When Robin's crown was not of dust begat
And Alan coaxed his songs from woodland gods!
Loin of my Loins, in these few latter years
Shall I lose thought of thee, my fathers' womb?
This Newer England is thy strong-limbed child
Stalwart as fits her mother's natal gift!
And now my heart is glad with that old joy
My kinsmen felt dead generations gone
When friend laid bare his falchion that his friend
Might know the name of friendship fervour's heat
No mere thin-silvered gloss. Two Englands move—
Two souls made one; mine is America
By right, by love; and, England, thou art mine
By first imperial birth of ancestry—
By reason's choice-nay, were thy blood not mine
I still would crown thee time's imperial queen!
Thy faults be those of gods; thine errors mass
More pure than others' virtues! He, the knave
On this our western shore, who bites thy heel
Is bastard to thee, dastard to this west
That shall live English while the waters roar—
And Nature heralds spring in bloss of green!
Let whine the peevish dolt, thy soul is here

In this America! Who strikes at thee
Strikes her, thy strongest daughter; England, live
The generous mistress of the circling seas—
And with thy children rule the listening stars!
And we, who boast thy blood, be David's sons
The line most royal since creation shaped
This nebulous substance from the breath of God!
Thank God for England! God be praised, my screed
My tribute scroll, I write in *English* words!

POET TO WOMAN

I know thee;
From the dark womb of my thought
Children have sprung, veil-garbed in verse and rhyme.
Like thee from pain and travail have I wrought
Truth substance, hell conceived, in God's full time.
I know thee.
Anguish only climbs to love
As thou and I must climb, our birth's decree.
Men walk; the virgin's wings are ours to hove
By black-starred shores of ill-read mystery.
Friend, I have woman in me; dreams ne'er screed
By form of man, all man; and I, like thee
In being's fond by right of godhood bleed;
Creation's Egg, all woman, sheathes in me!

A writhing witch, with tenuous fluttering arms—
Her yellow locks outstreaming to the wind.
She breeds an hell-broth with her nebulous charms;
She staggers; hair a-twist—the witch is blind!
Jointured with dying, Madge Wildfire in death—
House, palace, street; on each her frore is laid.
The nightmare ether of a sickman's breath—
This London fog! One sun-lance, lo, crusade
Of Baldurs, of clear invigorating blue!
A fist of hours, the witch is fled afar
Her half-soul stirring mid the thick of brew
'Gainst chance of visitation; yet, though touch
Of her, this Hell-thing, seems the Third Sad Fate—
Yet is her threat a shadow's weakling clutch!
A chimera, a nothingness of fate.
Below—lies London! Fogs a-gone, a-come
No whit dismay the world's most blazoned queen;
Nor shall a monster fog with scare of drum
Affront this London's grave imperial mien!
As pass these harpy wraiths, so came to pass
A war's chimeric hell-smoke; London stands
A rock when Berlins melt as futile glass—
A smiling mother to the English lands!

SIMPLICITY

A fervent prayer; soul sick of war—
Good Lord, give us simplicity!
We dree our weird—complexity—
And hence our plight; an unhealed sore
We needs must heal; let us return
To single-minded Galilee;
The truths we blur as platitudes
Let fall by Him who was of Thee.
We've hatched the dreadful Loki broods
The Midgard snake; the ice of Hel.
We've "reasoned," till this Egg took form
Whose monster woke this horrent mell.
'Gainst pastured meads we chose the storm
The chaos of a doubtful skill.
And whence our boast? The end, the front
Of sophist's wisdom—this—*to kill!*
Well have we earned this devil's brunt
We, things of paste-cheeked luxury!
Behold in sackcloth we repent—
Kind Lord, give us simplicity!
Now done with noise of armament
Let us bruise herbs beside Thy brooks;
Again read Nature's woodland books—
Dear Lord, give us simplicity!

WINTER TWILIGHT IN PRAGUE

Opal steals through the opaque gray
Now that the sad day's closing; black
Of the night, dusked with dim purple steals
On like a soft-shod thief. Blurred lamps
Stream like the friendly struggling beams
Of far-off lighthouses through the mist
Dank-deep at sea. The soul feels cold!
Mysticism sighs in the air!
Knife-sharp welts of cold alone betray
The prod of winter's iron malignant sting.
But else, how unrelated, how unreal
Mid life's ambitions is this somethingness
Of lineless wavering, soft, yet tangible
Veiled o'er the soul ere it enwraps the flesh!
'Tis like the half-waked Slav; 'tis like old Prague
Sleeping hard sleep; white-haired from centuries
Of hack-hewed battles; wise with wisdom's droop
Of eyes fast closed, as sight had served its worth!
'Tis melancholia; shuffling footsteps seem
As weak half-ghosts, who feebly would essay
The angel garments; voiceless, timid, weak—
Yet wistful of eternities undreamed.
'Twixt gray of day and night's nun-veil of black
Is scarce a breath; but in that breath hath passed
As a soul half-dead; so tired that death's advent
Is but the slipping off of needless shoon
And stealing bare-foot on a path unknown
To vague unwondered nothingness; Truth, this is
Nirvana's foretaste; and a ghost am I
Mid ghosts as fellows, dead as they are dead.

THESE DAYS

We've nerves these days!
No head, no heart, no soul—mere nerves!
We shriek in angles, sneer in curves—
We writhe in Pandemonium maze.
We each are blood of the Gummidge tribe.
We croak like frogs in a stagnant pool.
We may be gods, but we ape the fool—
We stick out tongues; we mouth and gibe
Like children o'er some toffee bit;
And yet, God knows, there's work to do!
But, chip on shoulder wild hullabaloo—
And nineteen ways of spittling spit!
We wage on beer and nicotine—
We seize each by his front and throat.
God, force on us Thy creosote—
Pray rub our souls with Nature's green!
Or else we perish, Bander-Log—
Unfit to walk Thy kindly meads!
By Christ's Eternal Heart that bleeds
To watch us grovel, each a dog
Chained to his vomit—give us *heads*
Cool as the snows, give tempered *hearts!*
Look—selfish greed bestrides our marts
And hog with satyr boldly weds!
God, save our nations, lest array
Our souls lost on Thy Judgment Day!

YOU WHO ARE DEAD

You're not gone; translated, changed, nor decayed.
You're lying there, staring through six feet of earth
With black eyes wink full of Dickensesque mirth
And grinning at life as a game well outplayed!
And I see you, rogue comrade, stumbling o' nights
O'er Molly prim rose-bushes, pooh-poohing wreaths
Mocking each ass soul that wiggles and breathes
Whilst you prowl amidst graves and their trig-nancied
sights!
Still, there are stars, and a moon, random whiles—
And you've me, silent gypsy, to sing to your soul;
Though you can't toss a posset, or drain a deep bowl
You can feast on our fellowship's echo of smiles.
For we're one. If you're lonely, just conjure up me
Your trail-mate, fast bound to a winter of days
And a black grief that chokes me, that coils close, and
stays
Till I envy you, comrade, ice-laid, but free!
For you can't reckon life as the prism I know
With your part soul gripped fast where trails all must
end.
But still I half sense you; and praise God, leal friend—
You're a real speaking something—God whispered me
so!

PATRIOTISM

Perchance 'tis well—a sugared snatch of song
Profaned of music's grand intrinsic worth;
The crude half-thinker's sway of rhythm's mirth
The wildfire thrill born of the dim-brained throng:—
Perchance, 'tis well; the flag thrown to the wind—
The hand spat tribute wrest from Moll and Jock—
This—patriotism: the quick galvanic shock
Harmonic to the yokel and his kind.
The mob is still the mob, let fall the cloak—
The pompous nomen of esprit de corps.
Now Brutus, now Antonius earns its roar—
Christ or Barabas—crowned the last who spoke.
Patriotism! The statesman blenched with thought
Lives its white passion; the evolvent master brain
Stammers its terrors; mid the careless train
Ne'er may its godhood be mid blood-heat wrought!
Silence its travail; sapience, its fruit:
Bruit antipodes its birth-pains; where it broods
Apoethosis still all lesser moods
And for its octave seventh grasps are mute!
Patriotism! For me 'tis most akin
To that most awful hush, when God in Host
Descends in fulness of the Holy Ghost
And dwells each recess of my soul within!
A truth I dare not limit; raising me
To something of its fixed divinity!

"GONE WEST"

He's just "Gone West."
And he left this watchword—"Carry on!"
There was blood and smirch; a rose-pink dawn
And a Thing left dead; but what's the rest?
Out of the thing a soul sprang free—
A spirit man, six foot and three!
Spirit, not phantom, in God clothes dressed—
With brown eyes steadfast to the west!
And it's best.
"Carry on!" He has work to do—
And I, his mother, I'll "carry on" too—
For the breeze of the Blessed Isles blows here
I feel it; I'll not damp his trail with a tear
For the Blessed Isles lie west!
I'll carry on—an American!
For I bore six foot of allied man
Whose clarioning "Westward ho!"
The ruled out west-path I can't know
But God and the stalwart Christ are there
And Mother Mary; the tang of air
Blows health to the Allied cause!
I care not what mete theology's laws
He's "gone west"—
Not dead—my night's his dawn—
And we've both the watchword—"Carry on!"

CHUCKED

You're chucked; kicked out from all worth while.
Your milestone's passed on Heartbreak Hill.
You'll learn now—a maiden grief can't kill
Or a first thrust rasp a sunrise smile.
Nor yet the second, nor yet the third;
You'll find the rope gripped round my neck—
The rope that bites, but never hangs—
You'll kiss the bark with hidden fangs
And still seek fruit sans littlest speck
Look at me! I've been chucked and chucked
And still can shrug my soul and laugh!
The heart wounds leave my face unscarred—
I still dream wheat though fed on chaff.
You'll head gates five-knife points barred
As I and others—rise, well plucked—
Torn, bruised and battered; bleeding, scarred—
Yet praying, laughing! Snibs of sun
And tastes of green will cry you on
To champ once more from Babylon
And play Quixote! Chucked? Well done!
Shake hand with soul—your wreath? Well plucked!
There's God—His place—there, no one's chucked!

CONDOLENCE

I who have moaned Tenebra thrice three times—
Have looked long down the Valley of the Shades;
Say thus to thee; build not conjectured climes
From ill-wrought dreams of heavenly palisades
Where lost ones chance may dwell; God's heart is here—
Here in the humdrum of the commonplace.
In box-hedged gardens lies thy salve of grace;
And trivial bits; the fragrant brew of tea—
The tropic lustred coffee; homespun toil—
Life's lettuce leaves; iotas fend from thee
The lead of snake now 'gainst thy breast a-coil.
This wear thee on thy bosom's seeming stone
As rosemary; Nature is one with God;
And both fain heal in wholesome monotone
With tasks that set the shivering feet a-plod
Till simple duties, angel vigils keep
And thou dost know thy dead in God asleep!

AMERICA

America;—
In after years, the pomp of fighting done—
The keen blade rusted, victories' tale hearth-spun—
When commerce pinions forth in peace once more
And grass downs breast the earth's harass of war:
Forget not those who thrilled with love of you
Loathing of Mars, but praising truth—as true—
Your truth and England's—forget not those, I pray
Who sink to garrulous life's dull after-day;
One socket eyeless, one sleeve less its arm—
One limb oblation to the dread alarm
Of belching hell; oh, praise is theirs in truth
While yet the slaught lives on in echo's youth!
While glamour glists as hero each who fought
And eyes droop for wonders God hath wrought!
But when the glamour fades, and plaudits cool—
Dub not the hero maimed as "tiresome fool"—
And think not penny pensions meet largesse
For those who doffed the clerkman's harmless dress
And donned the guise that beckoned steel and shell
And made of life's sweet solstice garnished hell!
Remember these, in after years, I pray—
Do not as Judas, thy liege Christs betray—
America!

No widening breach therein; democracy
Britannia as America endowers.
Full sceptered here the magisterial powers—
Fraternal founded, England's royalty.
The crowned Republic, the Republic crowned;
"What's in a name?" King friend of Windsor, hail!
Iron is thine English staunch armorial mail—
Long live thy land in purple worth renowned!
A king here domiciled? Anomaly!
England in plain clothes? Boorish peasant jest!
Peace guard the ways! King indeed professed
First gentleman of England! Honesty
Heart's praise impels; Victoria's scion thou—
God save the King who gave thy land her Queen!
While spreads the loyal oak its shoots of green
The monarch's emblem bind the Windsor's brow!
Night's death blast Hohenzollerns; autocrats
All breeds, all births; our brothers' love is thine!
The goldenrod and English rose atwine
Dower alike Time's true aristocrats!
Long live King George! America we sing—
Our under rhythm shouts God save thee—King!

INTERRUPTED

His laugh was interrupted; 'twas a shell—
Of war a part—his life's synecdoche.
Valhalla from a bawdy bit of hell—
He left his laugh—the greater part—with me!
My blood flows still unspilled—I feel it crime
To live unscathed, my Damon hurtled "west."
That Falstaff slice of laugh! Some future time
He'll tell me why his sudden flight was best!
God never interrupts us; past a doubt
He'll hold that laugh for me and laugh it out!

DEATH AND DAWN

Strange and terrible! Terrible and strange!
That gray black hour before the Dawn's pink mist;
Aurora's steeds steeped forth the deeps to range
On Sleep's invisible mount of amythest—
Men creatures ravel out! That hush of time
When stillness cuddles earth maternally—
When cherubs scatter banded dreams of thyme
That Easter hour—that Death should canter free
His grim horse Hecate pale; and snatch in souls
By gibbering handfuls; bird feeds piping faint—
Wood dryads fluttering on moss satin knolls—
Then to thin out the death-chant's toneless plaint!
Life wombed anew; and as the vestal flush
Blesses the world in hyacinthine prayer—
Death tiptoes out; hush greets in passing, Hush—
A two-fold sigh strings on the violin air!
Thus Death and Dawn; a queen that greets a king—
Exchanged in passing crown and signet-ring!

THE OLD HOUSE

The old house is drugged to sleep
By some narcotic of the past.
One drowsing window wakes to peep
At ponderous dray-carts jumbling fast
O'er sharp-voiced pavestones; dead repose
Of human history's dropped morphine.
That pile some lurid story knows—
Some dangled skeleton has seen!

Ages it watched thus; is its glance malign
Or wearied with the chance moods of the sea
To it, one mood. Tide's sweep froth of line
Dashing exultant, staving minstrelsy
Of rack and death; lamb's touch on the sward
In gentler passions; both, a child's intent
To this lone pterodactyl; is 't on guard—
Its dim eye fearful of new armament
From strange blear yellow seas? Or doth it dream
A race long lost, of nobler form? It sighs
Chance, for a child long since a man; a gleam
Of moon translucence gilds it. Dust-kissed eyes
Have wondered on its wonder; eyes to come
May ponder its first meaning; its old youth.
Shall it be *this* land then? Will Fate's turned thumb
Sluff out this people, spurned remorse and ruth?
Still shall the cypress gnarl in awkward grace—
Beholding eyes—*set in a yellow face?*

Ghastly! The poets who *were* poets! They
All died; do any live? Thus, he and he
Wrote sonnet, ode and epic; here and there
A woman's thought soared as a meadow lark.
Great song! True verse! The clock struck twelve times
twelve
Ten thousand times ten thousand, strand and zone!
But God—all dead—all vanished! So and so
Lived such a place, wrote such a line—and died!
If, as the Scriptures read, God's witnesses
Dwell ever on the earth, His poets must
Be incarnate in hidden baby forms;
And, in their passing to the Fuller Sound
Give poet's eye and ear to some mute soul
New sprung to sense of being. But, the past
Shines with a lustre gathered through the years—
And present purpose no enchantment has
Because its nearness dims its diamond worth.
Thus in the Last Recessional, we know
Strains will be heard that died here on the earth;
And every impulse of the poet's soul
Will live when God makes His Anthology!

When Elman played, th' applause, made hippocrene
O'er flowed in alabaster. Soft, his bow
Prayed in the Ave Maria; faith's Nicene
Glowed lucent in the slow devotional flow
Of strings concorded to the Merlian rod.
"Ave Maria!" 'twas the cygnian cry
Of those who love, and love, alas, to die—
Their sins by Mary born as pearls to God!
The orange tree withdrew its bold perfume
Abashed before the music's natal sighs.
The oleanders oped their languid eyes
And gazed, trance bounden, through the foyer's gloom.
"Ave Maria"; sudden wailed without
A shattered fiddle's meek unconscious hymn;
A tenuous prayer, through Schubert's interim
Beseeching them, the peacock feathered route.
For few brief pence, the fiddler blind and old
Shambled in rasps, "When you and I were young."
Still Elman's bow in master cadence swung—
Without, within, which were the tone of gold
To Mary's heart? 'Twas Dives at the gate
Of Lazarus; who scrolled it—chance or Fate?

FROM MY DORMER WINDOW

Night and silence! Cloudy night, no stars;
I see in faint outline far-lying roofs.
I hear below the rush of noisy cars,
The pound of horses pelting with their hoofs.
Silence! How many dying while I stand
Here at the window? Vice and sin unloose
Their kennel's breed; this hour's shifting sand
May chronicle a murder, mark abuse
Of mind or body. Dimly I perceive
Two Crosses rise on near-by church. I know
The Christ keeps watch and mankind must believe
He welcomes friend and pardons blinded foe.
And I am happy! I have heard the voice
Born on the wire of my beloved! Night,
Thou hast thy sorrows, but I must rejoice—
Thou night, art blind, but I have spirit's sight!
No need to tell my love to him; he knows
Without the telling; so I send my prayer
To him. In silence my whole being goes—
He looks—he knows—and I am with him there!

RIPE GRAPES

Give me ripe grapes! The leaves may fall,
The blight of autumn brood o'er all.
The fruit is sweet—our blood is red—
Let's live the heart despite the head!

NUNC DIMITTIS

The blare of battle died in smoke away;
The soldier gasped; his hand strayed to his beads.
He dying with the sad vermilian day
Shuddering before the sight of Moloch deeds
Done in the name of war; his fingers, numb
With death's antarctic, told the Aves ten—
The six last Paters; hands fell: voice was dumb
But eyes beseeched—oh to behold again
The Crucifix worn o'er his burnt-out heart
Star of his faith, alembic of his soul!
A sombre Rabbai mused a space apart
Tranced by the guns last Pandemonium roll.
A Judas Maccabeus of his race;
An exile of the Babylonish streams.
The Christ he knew not lit his eager face—
His gaze fixed on the earth, its shell-made seams.
Sudden his eyes the war-claimed soldier swept;
In pity's moistened flash he knelt beside.
The Cross on death-dewed lips were laid; he wept.
The soldier smiled; his eyes spake thanks; he died.

Nunc Dimittis! These poor unworthy eyes
Have seen creeds merge to further Paradise!

POST BELLUM

Now 'tis ended;
Why had it to be?
Home and love rended—
Death-sown the sea.
Doubt; dark; bewilderment; ice breaths of pain
For the lone dead on crimson fields lain.
Crash, dies the music! Hiss, die the lights!
Days, webbed with memories; long starless nights
When cry the Rachels; Marys at Cross
Beat milkless breasts for the wild sense of loss.
One flare of pageant—then moments to think—
Marah, not Lethe, in deep quaffs to drink.
God, the All-Terrible, why was it, why?
Thou, who art Life, what sped men to die?
Beyond and above is the Cause—Father—Thou!
Still, Thou art Love, and still needs we bow
Whispering, hands clasped, "Thy will be done"—
Calvary, the Mother, Calvary, the Son.
Leal fare the nations? Perished the sword?
Finite, we question Thee, Battles' strong Lord!
Infinite wonder—why had it to be?
Thou 'twas who urged us; Thine the decree!
Do as Thou wilt with us; fain must we weep—
Scythes of destruction; first fruts of sleep
Fix us Medusa-like; this, we implore—
Smite us, but *nevermore, nevermore, war!*
Now 'tis ended—
Why had it to be?
Home and love rended—
But, Father, 'twas Thee!

THE FAUN

The Faun is the Superman!
The Man-Woman Plato prophesied—
And hopeless, sighed
While prophesying.
He looked forward: vision ran
Outvieing
Good nature sense, that roots so deep
The grass may not find it, nor long womb sleep
Of great oak embryos.
The Faun alone it is, who knows
The Over-Soul of God;
The Lower-Soul of Man;
The Somewhat-Soul of Flowers and Beasts!
The acorn in the sod,
The human caravan,
The soul-pulse in the four foot priests
Of Nature, make the Christ!
This, in old tryst
The Faun doth know! The All-Soul he—
And had but Plato opened vision's history
This had he known.
The pointed ears, the dancing toe, alone
Bespeak the Superman.
Christ is born of Pan;
The Trinity in wildwood Unity;
The beast culled in the flower,
The hill's rock power
In the babe's smile—
Mary in Ceres. Some new mile
In man's new reckoning shows the antique Faun
The foremost figure in the world's new Dawn!

EVENING IN A HOSPITAL

Evening gloams; ghost-mantled with snow
But few brief paces distant-life and light.
Street lamps moon globed with kindly fostering glow—
A welcome clatter dins the friendly night.
And here—a bed, a window; two gaunt pines
Caught in the pane's rectangle; night or day—
Here life snaps links with life; these cribbéd fines
Know nought of man's routine; man's holiday
Is still the world of physic, glass and spoon—
A couch where 'tis to drone, half-wake, half-sleep.
The stars, the dawn, the crownéd joy of noon—
Are nought to beats the pulses' rhythm keep.
Here life is steeped in Death, and Sleep may touch
His Elder Brother's hand, and share his cold.
Here joy crawls out, impeded by a crutch—
And, chained to sick-beds, who is young, who old?
Yet no inertia's Limbo! Strife is waged
'Twixt Love and Silence—Courage and Despair!
Here voiceless fields of battle! Here the gage
Is flung each sand-slip; here resolve in prayer!
And there is mystery; the greater mind
In throb accordant with the surgeon's knife;
The lesser mind, in mercy deaf and blind
To agony of soul arest with Life!
And here the Great Physician ever stands
His heart a-brim with germinance of peace.
His is the healing in the skilful hands—
Or Life, or Death—from Pain He yields release!

THE HOME COMING

With the laggard sunset, home we came;
We entered; one purple tinge of flame
Enwrapped us, as through the door we passed.
April rains, and buds amassed
On the wisteria, sprawled o'er the porch
Set afire by the sun's last torch.
We entered; we spoke not; we heard the sea
Sighing its endless litany—
And a half felt sadness dimmed me; sight
Was barred me of its monotone's might.
For to feel, and hear e'en taste the deep
And know it droned through the hours of sleep—
Yet live anear, and all unseen
Its foamy tracks of salt-flecked green
Seemed like the rose of an infant's breath
Sucked on milk that was drawn of death.
The lights were glimmering; and what my fears
For the bridal night, and the brood of years
Stretching in endless procession away
From the mileage-post of the wedding-day
I could not tell; I smelt the turf—
And felt like some olden riveted serf
Chained to her master; and yet, had I turned
Where the feeble death lights of sunset burned
To ash of blackness—I knew my feet
Would bear me back from the prosing street
And urge me straight to his arms again
And what might come of undreamed pain!
His arms wound round me; the thick night fell—
Our home; my Heaven!—yet reached through hell!

THE GRAY DAY

The day slinks out like a gray old rat
And curls in the wet depths of the sky.
And there it yawns: like curds from a vat
It poaches the mist-bits, drifting by.
And whether to melt in a sheet of rain
Or sulk till misnomered sunset strives
To piece sun honey as sweet again—
Where the day bees drip in their dampened hives,–
I know not; 'tis a day for a "poet's moode"
To pout of ivy on mouldy walls;
And sigh for the graveyard trench as good—
And moan of the wind to the mist that calls.
And dream of childhood's vanished joys,
And count life's pleasures a babbling noise—
And life's enhancements as broken toys—
And men of valor but puling boys!
But what of the day and its rodent face?
A mood's not a permanency! Sun bees will hum
And a day burst forth with a moss rose grace;
And inspirations will sprout, and come
In galaxies ambrosial rich!
And the autumn leaves clattering in the ditch
Will be over gold a cloak of pitch—
And this day that seems a drab old witch
Will be a faery greenwood light!
So drowse, old rat of a day! Your coat
Is gray as doubt and cold as fear!
But one day's not the worth of a year
And joy's immortal! For her no bier

Of back-thread sighs! So your nought to me
For I live and I love for Eternity!
And the sober coat of a gray old day
Can't filch an eternal kingdom away!

THE END.

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